

Ballad of a Birthday from 'The Varsity'

By F. D. Lawlor,
III St. Michael's

When I grow up, grow twenty-one
and die
I hope to visit hell with all my
friends
Beside old Alpha Road, near Slough
of Sly,
I'll open a hotel with varied drinks
and viands.

With Mephistopheles hand in hand
we'll go,
And revel in the purple flames of
Hades,
And after we have bathed in pools
of purple snow,
We'll go and give our hellish hearts
to ladies.

When I grow up, grow twenty-one
and die,
I'll break out as a tapster down
in Hades,
Drink alcohol and absinthe, drink
acids and sour rye
And give my drunken soul to all
the ladies.

Oh the Ladies down in Hades
Have the blackest, biting eyes,
You can see the devil in them
And he isn't in disguise.

Blackest virgins of fell Hades,
Dearest Daughters of the Damned!
Meet the madmen from Toronto,
Meet them, greet them, take their
hands,
Dance the Bacchanalian revel,
Hail sweet Arts, and hail dull
School
Drive, oh drive the pigs and
pedants
Down beneath wet Hart House pool,
Kick, oh, kick the dons and dunces
Let them wallow in the dust.

Ladies of the hellish revel,
We invite you to be our guests,
Descend sweet viragoes to our level,
Deign to quaff our beverages.

ENVOI

Salan, were you ever twenty-one?
Did you too reach that venerable
age,
Survey the stars, and then grow
sage,
Saying, like l'aveur, "All the uni-
verse's a stage?"

ENVOI TO ENVOI

Salan, you're jejune, inexperienced,
and young,
We've many things to teach you,
even we.
Dear Devil, be pleased to loose your
untainted tongue
And lip the current euphemism
after me.

ENVOI SUCCESSIVE TO PREVIOUS ENVOI

Dear Undefined Devil, could you
but see
Our sins, I would spot your soul to
lurid black
Dear Devil, you are blushing a
deep green,
Can't be, we, dear, are as tarnished
as all that?

NOTICE

The Oser Society will hold its
first meeting of the year in the
Oser library today at 8.15 p.m.
Two papers will be read, "Medicine
Man in Tribal Customs" by John
Karefka, and an unpublished paper
by Oser, read by Dr. W. W. Fran-
cis. The new executive has taken
over the running of the society and
will be in charge tonight. They in-
clude: Pres., Arthur Beland, Vice-
Pres., Vern Colpitts, Secretary,
William Feindel.

Around the Globe

Algiers: Allied patrols are nearing the Apian Way, the road to Rome from the south is extended twelve miles inland; as yet there has been no battle, but it is expected soon as the Nazis are withdrawing units from Cassino to meet the new Allied drives.

London: Word has been received that the Russians are fighting in Krasnogvardeisk, which is a key railway centre. The Russians are also sweeping forward on the Leningrad-Moscow front.

London: The Prime Ministers of the Dominions of the British Empire will gather together for a conference with the British government sometime in April, it was announced last night. Among the subjects for discussion will be the civil air routes and immigration in the post-war world.

Quebec: The Quebec house was unanimous yesterday on the subject of the Labour Bill creating a Labour Relations Board.

Requirements Clarified On Concert Admissions For Engineer Donors

Engineering Undergrad Society
Will Redeem Tickets Stamped
In Week Following Concert

The Engineering Undergraduate Society, in cooperation with the executive of the Red Cross Concert, yesterday issued a statement clarifying and explaining the scheme whereby Engineers donating to the Red Cross blood-bank will receive free admission to the Concert. The arrangement finally agreed upon requires the prospective donor to buy a ticket and attend the Concert; on signing his name at the box office, a portion of his ticket will be initialled and returned to him; this stub will then be redeemed for the full value of the ticket by the Engineering Undergraduate Society, on presentation of a certificate from the Red Cross Donor Service stating that blood was donated on or before Friday, February 4.

In making this offer, the executive of the Engineering Undergraduate Society added the specifications that the proposal will apply to Engineers only, and that donations made previous to the announcement in yesterday's issue of The Daily may not be redeemed for free admission to the Concert. No tickets will be accepted for redemption before the Red Cross closes on Friday evening of this week.

Concert Promises Hit

On behalf of the Red Cross Concert, director Victor Goldbloom expressed gratitude and admiration for the Engineers' generous contribution. He stated also that the program has shaped itself into a presentation of much better balance, smoothness, and pace than was the 1943 effort. Pointing out that difficulties of finance and of time are serious enough without the added problem of fresh experimentation, Continued on Page Four

SLC Study Group Meets Tonight

P. Coleman Leads
Discussion On
Program of LPP

The Student Labor Club will continue its educational series on the new political parties in Canada, this evening at 8.15 p.m. in the Union Grill Room. The first study group in the series heard J. Angus Rose, vice-president of the C.C.F. in Quebec, introduce the "History and Program of the C.C.F." Phil Coleman, executive member of the Outremont-West Club of the Labor-Progressive Party, will introduce the second of the series, the subject of which is the "Program of the Labor-Progressive Party." Mr. Coleman will explain the position of the L.P.P. in Canada today and its stand on the many issues facing the Canadian people.

An executive member of the Student Labor Club stated: Since the L.P.P. is the newest political party in Canada, having been formed in August, 1943, it is important that students study its program and evaluate its worth on the basis of what it has to offer for the solution of Canada's post-war problems.

The meeting is open to all members.

Tremblay Visits McGill COTC

Orderly Room,
Stores Inspected by
Inspector-General

The McGill Contingent C.O.T.C. headquarters was visited yesterday by Major-General T. L. Tremblay, C.B., C.M.G., P.S.O., E.D., A.D.C., Inspector General of the Canadian Army. In the course of the morning he inspected No. 2 Company which was on parade at the time.

His tour of inspection included the Q.M. stores, the armoury extension, the orderly room, and the officers' and cadets' mess. He was interested mainly in the administrative arrangements of the orderly room. While in the mess, he sat in on part of the film "Battle of Britain," which was being shown to part of No. 2 Company.

General Tremblay was accompanied by Lt.-Col. G. L. Lalonde, G.S.O.I. He was conducted to the parts of the gymnasium used by the Contingent, and had an opportunity to observe the training of the cadets in progress. Capt. K. J. Dolg, the adjutant, explained the administrative organization of the unit, and Major E. C. Morris, C.I., accompanied the general during the inspection of the cadets.

Upon conclusion of his inspection, General Tremblay conferred with the Commanding Officer.

Minority Groups To Be Discussed

Conference on
Post-War World
Begins Friday

A conference on "National Groups and Minorities in the Post-War World" is opening Friday night at 8.30 with a public meeting at Montreal High School, and continuing on Saturday with sessions at 3.00 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. and Sunday at 2.30 p.m. at the Central Y.M.C.A. on Drummond Street.

Dr. Max Yergen, who will lead the conference, is at present the Executive Director of the Council of African Affairs, and has had a long and varied experience in humanitarian service. After completing his collegiate training at Shaw University, in North Carolina, and at Springfield College, he accepted the post of General Secretary of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. with responsibility in South Africa for fifteen years. While in South Africa, Dr. Yergen carried on studies of social and economic conditions among the African population. He engaged in teaching at Fort Hare College and elsewhere. During the same time he made extensive visits to other parts of Africa. It was this background of experience which led Yergen, in 1937, to secure the aid of others in establishing the Council of African Affairs, an organization dedicated to the study of conditions of life and work in Africa, and to the promotion of the welfare of the African people. Chairman of the Council is Paul Robeson and members include Negroes and white leaders in religion, labor, educational and civic.

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GENERAL TREMBLAY INSPECTS C.O.T.C. TRAINING



MAJOR-GENERAL T. L. TREMBLAY, INSPECTOR-GENERAL, C.B., C.M.G., P.S.O., E.D., A.D.C., accompanied by Major E. C. Morris, Officer in Command of Training, McGill C.O.T.C., inspects cadets of Number 2 Company, training in the armoury yesterday morning. During the General's tour of survey of training procedures, there was no break in the routine, and the lectures went on as usual. Shown here in a corner of the Sir Arthur Currie gymnasium are a group of cadets receiving instruction from Sgt. J. C. B. Dawson.

M.O.C. Mountain-Top Slide Promises New High in Thrills

By
M.O.C.

Some like it hot; some like it cold . . . and some are smart and combine the two, with tobogganing in the crisp air atop Mount Royal, followed by a hot live session in the Park Slide Lodge.

The MOC is prepared to please all tastes at their annual slide on Friday, January 28th, where facilities for indulging in your favourite winter sport, whatever it may be, are available. Is it skating?—there is an excellent rink within a stone-throw of the Lodge; skiing?—a well-packed, open slope swoops past the doorway; tobogganing?—man has improved on nature and a trestle tops the hill to give you a breath-taking

run down the mountain-side.

If the idea of skiing, skating and tobogganing leaves you cold (we hear there are such people) and you are wondering how to round out the evening after the Red Cross Concert, we might suggest that you drop up to the Slide Club House, where dancing will begin as couples drift in from the hill, discard ski-boots and sweaters, and are drawn away from the fire-place and Grill by the first strains of music.

Tickets, entitling you to engage in any or all of these activities, may be obtained at one dollar a couple from Bill Gentleman, the Union, or any of the MOC executive.

U.N.T.D. Will Entertain at Dance, Feb. 12, in Officers' Mess

On Saturday night, February 12, the U.N.T.D. will hold a dance and party in the Officers' mess of the C.O.T.C. armoury under the auspices of Lieut. Cmdr. Wynne-Edwards. This is the first party held this year by any military unit on the campus, and is the first of its kind to be held in the mess.

Music will be supplied by a nickelodeon, and those attending are assured of an enjoyable evening. All expenses are being taken care of by the U.N.T.D., so that some returns are being shown for the pay signed over to the units by the ratings

and Officers.

It is expected that this will be the first of many such affairs on the campus, and that the other services will follow suit to supply some amusement to their men.

For the U.N.T.D. party not only will music be supplied but a wide variety of delicacies and beverages will be provided to blend with the mood of the occasion. Unfortunately, it has been learned that no beer or hard liquor can be obtained due to the shortage of ration tickets. This, however, will detract little from the festivities.

Red Cross Concert Personalities

Jean Brown, Operatic Soprano, Is Outstanding Find of Concert

Tall, lissome Jean Brown, the Red Cross Concert's operatic soprano, is currently in her fourth and final year at the McGill Conservatorium of Music; for the fourth consecutive year, she has taken care of her tuition by winning the Sir William Peterson Memorial Scholarship in singing; and she has the further distinction this session of having been elected House President of the Strathcona Hall residence.

Strangely enough, she began her musical career as a dancer. From age nine until age fifteen, she was quite actively interested in tap dancing; and though, her father was a singer with considerable radio experience and often suggested improvements in her occasional vocalizing attempts, it was many years before she came seriously to think of singing as a permanent occupation.

Fredericton, N.B., is her native town; and there she acted in and helped direct high school dramatics, studied the piano more or less seriously, and appeared now and then as soloist in the city's various churches. She entered the 1940 St. John Festivals, and won second place in vocal competition. Sir Ernest MacMillan, who was the adjudicator on that occasion, assured her that she had a very promising musical future. After her high school graduation (at which she sang several solo numbers), she entered Normal School in Fredericton.

She had been there two months when her brother, studying at McGill, wrote home to say that he had spoken of Jean to Dean Clarke of the Faculty of Music, and that the Dean was very anxious to hear her singing ability. In mid-November of 1941, she came to McGill to study

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Dr. James Addresses Ottawa Valley Branch Of McGill Graduates

Theme of Principal's Speech
Is Place of a University
In Educational Reforms

Ottawa, Jan. 25.—(Special to The Daily)—"The Foundations of Tomorrow's Dreams" was the subject of the address delivered to the Ottawa Valley Branch of the McGill Graduates' Society last night, at the Chateau Laurier, by Dr. F. Cyril James, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University. Dr. James summarized McGill's war effort, and went on to stress the importance of educational reconstruction in the post-war world.

Paying tribute to the McGill men and women in the service of their country, Dr. James said "You and I are living on borrowed time, the time that these gallant men and women have lent us. The sincerity of our gratitude for the sacrifices that they have made will be measured not by any words of sympathy and congratulation, but by the work we do to build the things for which they have fought."

Dr. James stated that more than four thousand McGill graduates, with a hundred members of the teaching staff, are on active service, but no comprehensive account of McGill's war effort can be made until victory and peace give us the time for historical appraisal.

Speaking of the importance of reconstruction problems, he said that Canada must be careful about granting unlimited power to a bureaucracy that promises the attainment of security. In doing this, Canada would see democracy disappear, as it did in Germany, when the Germans welcomed Hitler and his promises of relief from the depression of 1931.

"The real problem that confronts us is that of attaining economic security in a truly democratic community—an ideal toward which Denmark had made considerable progress before the outbreak of the present war—and our success in that task will depend in no small measure upon the quality of our educational system," Dr. James continued by saying that the quality of our post-war Canadian society will depend upon the extent to which we attain the fundamental purposes of education in actual practice.

Great Britain, he said, has given more attention to this matter than we in Canada. An Education Bill is now before the House of Commons in London, and a series of committees has been appointed, one on The Youth Service After The War; one on Grant-Aided Secondary Schools; and most important of all, one on Educational Reconstruction. These have guaranteed to every boy and girl "the birthright of a secondary school education" and provide that all who are intellectually qualified shall be enabled to proceed to university, to mention only a few of the intended reforms.

"The Dominion of Canada has not yet started to tackle its educational problems with any seriousness," he said. "The educational problems of Canada were discussed by the Rowell-Sirois Commission, which recognized that appropriate financial arrangements between the Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments were an essential prelude to educational reform."

"Building, teaching and administrative personnel, curriculum and adult education, all deserve unanimous study, widespread discussion and prompt action. Even though it may involve legislative and financial innovations that extend as far as the British North America Act,

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Tuck-Shop Alex Is In Reality A Rural Artist

Latest Picture on
Display in Union
Cafeteria

by M. E.

"Day after day thus comes and passes by" and students stop at the Union Tuck shop to hang up their overcoats or buy a package of cigarettes or just to say "hello" to Alex and George. And what most of these transient shoppers never realize is that in Alex Irwin, they have a Canadian artist of considerable repute.

At the present moment, Alex's latest picture, "Early Fall" is to be seen on display in the Union Cafeteria. It is a country scene done in pastels and watercolours showing a farmer with a yoke of oxen against distant autumn hills and a great expanse of sky.

The Eastern Townships where Continued on Page Four

A.I.Ch.E. to Hold Annual Banquet

Trip Planned to
Commercial Alcohols
This Saturday

The annual Banquet of the McGill Student Chapter of the A.I.Ch.E. will be held on Thursday, Feb. 3, 1944, at 6.00 p.m. in the Union Grill Room. Plans have also been made to visit the plant of Commercial Alcohols Ltd. this Saturday.

Tickets for the banquet will go on sale today at \$1.50 per person. Representatives from whom the different faculties may obtain tickets have been chosen. Engineering representatives are Marc Collett and Ken Walter. In the Faculty of Science, tickets may be obtained from G. Colford. Because the number of tickets may be limited, the executive announced yesterday that tickets should be obtained as soon as possible. The guest speaker for the evening will be Dr. Winkler, of the Department of Physical Chemistry.

The trip to the plant of Commercial Alcohols Ltd. this Saturday will be restricted to about 20 members. Those wishing to go should sign the list in the Chemistry building. The group will assemble at the plant, 3176 Notre Dame street East at 9.15 a.m. This plant manufactures industrial alcohol and also will show a display of magnesia insulation.

Around the Campus

Today: SLC Study Group meets at 8.15 p.m. in the Union Grill. . . . Electrical Club visits Bell Telephone Exchange at 10.00 a.m. . . . Cosmos hear Sven Oftedal.

Tomorrow: Midnight pass for the CAUC men who attend Red Cross Concert. . . . Nothing much else but look what's coming.

Coming: Commerce Banquet and Dance on Monday, January 31 in the Union Grill. Only Commerce students attend banquet, followed by dance with lady or gentlemen friends. . . . The Red Cross Concert takes place Thursday and Friday. . . . The Athletic Festival February 4th. . . . Newman Bridge Club meets on January 28th. . . . Saturday SCM conference on Christian Reconstruction. . . . The Graduate Students' Association will hold their second Grad. party in the Union Grill Saturday, January 29th. . . . Macc Circle meets Sunday, January 30th.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1944

A Clear Statement

The problem of a woman's place in wartime has been discussed at great length in the editorial columns of most college newspapers on this continent. The following statement from The Daily Orange, undergraduate newspaper of the University of California, is clear and simple. It expresses our editorial stand and we will not attempt to paraphrase it.

"There are two sets of motives which influence women when they are deciding whether they should direct their energies toward the survival of the nation or the preservation of its cultural values. One includes real, the other, false motives.

"The real motives that have convinced some women students that they should abandon liberal-arts studies for immediate war service are: concern over the survival of the nation, and the conviction that only outside of the University can they make their maximum contribution to their nation. The false motive that has swayed others is fear of being thought unpatriotic if they continued in school.

"The real motives that should guide the women who decide to continue their liberal education are a genuine concern for the preservation of cultural values, and a conviction that by continuing in school they can make their greatest contribution to the nation. The false, unjustifiable motive is fear of the discomfort and hardship that would attend leaving the University for service in industry, agriculture, or one of the auxiliary armed services.

"This simple, sane analysis avoids the emotional emphasis that has frequently been placed on the problem. Too often it has been attacked by contrasting life in Guadalcanal and a Berkeley sorority, concluding that college women are unjustifiably leading soft lives while marines fight and die. . . .

"While others are working and fighting, the women who choose the course of continuing to seek a liberal education must accept the responsibility of learning and understanding. They must sincerely strive to acquire the background knowledge that will be needed when the time comes to build the peace.

"They must remain apart from the hatreds of war. There is a haven of refuge from blood and sweat, but the function of this haven is not to enable a group of young women to live comfortably while their brothers and sisters are fighting and working. Its function is to turn out people who will be ready to carry on the cultural values of our civilization; to guarantee that there will be no bankruptcy of informed, educated opinion after the war and in the years to come; to guarantee that this generation will suffer the least possible handicap in carrying out its future responsibilities because its education was cut short by a world conflagration."

The Day After Christmas

by K. Virginia Brass

The Coles were sitting around their prosaic livingroom in well-fell stupor when Sister Sue, happening to lean out a second-story window for no good reason, yelled down that a familiar figure was approaching their front door through the mist. The family waited breathlessly while Sue relayed up-to-the-minute information on the visitor's progress. Finally, IT approached near enough to be identified. IT was, she reported, none other than Mrs. Christopher Barker. There was a vague flurry below. Willie Cole snorted.

"That dame! She's the one who don't!"

"Doesn't," interjected his mother mildly.

"I know she don't!" said Willie. "What I mean to say, she don't believe in Christmas—the old tightwad."

His mother sighed. "Darling," she said. "It isn't that she doesn't believe in Christmas, as such—she just thinks it has become commercialized."

"What does that mean?" said Willie, suspiciously.

"I'm really not sure, myself, dear. She just doesn't believe in giving presents to people who already have more than they need—she says."

"Well of all the—Gee Whizz!" exploded Willie. "What good is Christmas without presents, I ask?"

"Well, I must admit I agree with you, dear. It just doesn't seem the same. But you mustn't criticize Mrs. Barker, pet—her husband and two sons are overseas, and she's just a wee bit bitter. So we must try to make things up for her by being just as jolly and full of Christmas spirit—and forgiveness, as if she'd given us a lovely present like last year! Poor lonesome soul."

"Well, Mother," said Sister Sue, coming into the room. "I didn't mind so much her not giving us anything—although Heaven knows she can afford it—but she needn't have played a practical joke on us into the bargain."

"Yeah," said Willie. "That's adding insult to injury."

"I'm a little puzzled about that," said their mother. "I didn't think Amelia would—go answer that door, Willie, and be very polite, mind!"

"Aw!" He trudged to the door on dragging feet. A blast of cold air entered with Mrs. Barker and the collective family shuddered. Willie swept exaggeratedly low before the visitor—"Happy Boxing Day," he intoned.

Amelia Barker smiled, murmured and stepped into the living-room.

"Amelia, dear, how nice!"

"Florence, my dear, how kind of you to ask me today! I have been lonely, I will admit—it's the first Christmas for me without the boys, you know."

They sat down, and Willie and Sue withdrew.

"What a lovely tree," said Mrs. Barker sincerely. "I didn't have one this year, and I do miss it."

"The children decorated it themselves," said Mrs. Cole proudly. "I didn't lift a finger. Christ-

mas doesn't mean so much to John and me, but for the children's sake, we carry on."

"I didn't see you at church this morning," said Mrs. Barker. "Too much turkey?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Cole. "We were all up—that is, all except John, but it was so cold none of us felt like going. Besides, the children wanted to wait and see if any more presents came."

"The carols were lovely," Mrs. Barker reminisced. "The whole service conducted in candlelight. I remember when Christopher and the boys were here, it used to be the highspot of their Christmas week. Young Chris used to say 'Mother, this is the real Christmas, isn't it? This is the part a lot of people forget—the remembrance of Christ's birthday.' He always was a thoughtful boy." She laughed apologetically.

"Come and see our things," said Mrs. Cole, rising.

"Yes, My, what a display you have!" said Mrs. Barker, with an attempt at animation. "I'm just an old wet blanket, she thought."

"Well," said Mrs. Cole. "Not as many as last year. It's the war, of course—many people feel as you do, Amelia, and I really don't blame you a bit. There's Uncle Mike's children who have everything their hearts could desire, and yet, when Uncle Mike suggested they might like to give some of their toys to soldier's children, they all howled like little devils. I was almost ashamed of having given them anything, but then Uncle Mike's always been so generous with our three."

"What's this?" Mrs. Barker, giggling slightly. Mrs. Cole looked in the direction of her pointing finger and smiled. "None of us can figure it out," she said. "We thought you might be able to help us. After all, you've travelled and I'm sure I've never seen anything like it in this part of the world."

"Well, it's too small to be a mummy," said Mrs. Barker, inspecting the object minutely. "Could it be a lamp?"

"NO," said Mrs. Cole triumphantly. "We thought of that, too, but you see, there's no cord!"

"Maybe it works by a battery," suggested Mrs. Barker—none too hopefully. "Who sent it to you?"

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Train Ride in Autumn

Blur of grass and weeds beside the track, Slowly-turning vistas spread beyond, Vast impressive valleys open lie, Tinted patterns that the trees have donned Impart an ecstasy

Of colour that none Can paint nor any words express the urge Of life that caused it all to be. Colour Brighter than the wildest combinations Of the spectroscopic,

Gaudy dabs of orange and red Dot the sombre black and green Of distant fir trees on the hill. Nearer still each separate tree Glides swiftly past,

Some withered brown and ere Some yellow as the buttercup. Some still are green, but lustreless and drear. One gaunt and naked skeleton, Its barren limbs outspread.

Has it but shed its foliage, Or is it dead?

—Sterm.

Wanna Join a Club?

A Satire

by

Allan Thomson

Now that the second term's begun,
It is time for you my son,
To choose a club or group to play,
Or pass your leisure time away,
What to pick is quite a question,
Here below is some suggestion,
Of the types that wait your pleasure,
Choose them well and carefully measure
Both their merits and defects,
Because the group you choose reflects
In your personality
What kind of person you will be.

There's a club all classical,
This the slowest of them all,
Learn of ancient Rome and Greece,
Debate about the Golden Fleece,
Was it gold or merely brass,
Or the hide of some old ass?
Hear a dusty essay read
In a language that is dead,
About some ancient dry debate
In the Forum or Senate—
Drink your milk and think it wine,
Dress in bed-sheets and repine,
That the toga's gone away,
The relic of another day.

And when the clock strikes half past nine,
Comes the climax of the time,
As rushing home they go to bed,
Awake or sleeping equally dead.

If you like a mental mess,
Join the group that plays at chess,
Catch up sleep and be amused,
Even though a bit confused,
Read with careful scrutiny,
Rip Van Winkle's own story,
Find the secret of success,
Excel at sleep and thus at chess,
When this is done you start to play;
The rule is that in half a day,
At least one move you've got to make,
At least one piece you've got to take.
There's lots of action do not fear,
You'll play at least a game a year
And when confused as you can be,
You'll play by telegraphic key.

If you joy in wild confusion,
Vague reports and sweet delusion,
Then heed the soft and dulcet calls
Of the philosophical.
A merry-go-round of mental groping,
Debate, perplexity and hoping,
Such problems as you will debate,
Are questions argued by the great

Of every age and every clime,
While muddling after the sublime.
Is mankind good or bad at heart?
This hopeless question is a start.
Forget the wars, the crimes the fears,
Of the last two thousand years,
These are cold realities,
Which will philosophers displease.
Reject them and your proof conclude,
Humankind is therefore good.
And when you solve a complication
Remember give no explanation,
Thus you'll learn obscurely,
And no one else will ever see,
What you're trying to aver—
The mark of our philosopher.

If you like to hear your voice,
Then by all means set your choice,
On the tribe of radio,
All egotists should surely go.
Your relatives will hear your voice,
They will cheer you and rejoice,
You'll be patted on the back,
Till you're an egomaniac.
Someday you might become quite great,
And stand before a mike and prate,
Of soap and soda, cornflakes,
Or pills to chase your pains and aches;
Or act with N.B.C. or
C.B.C. or B.B.C.
Or C.B.S. (it's quite a mess)
There's still one more the M.B.S.,
And if a favorite you would be,
Cater to stupidity,
The mob will cheer you more than any,
If you become a Hope or Benny.

Another club throws wide its doors,
And claims it trains up young actors.
Besides a voice you must be neat,
Handsome, suave, or cute and sweet,
Oxford English your accent,
At least some foreign tongue present.
(If the grade you cannot make,
You're only hope is try a fake)
But do not speak like a Canuck
If you do you're out of luck.
Should you succeed it's well worth while,
You'll learn to chatter by the mile,
You'll learn to strut, declaim, parade,
Act the follies of the trade,
Until you're quite the young actor,
Or an incurable young bore,
You do not need to have talent,
For all the plays that they present.

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Al'Universite de Montreal

NOUVELLES

Malcusynski à l'Université de Montréal! Oui, messieurs, notre Société Artistique a réussi à obtenir de la Canadian Concerts and Artists un récital du grand pianiste. Ce récital sera donné en l'Auditorium de l'Université, à 2900, boulevard Mont-Royal, vendredi, le 4 février. C'est un concert pour les étudiants et les billets ne se vendent que .65, toutes taxes incluses. Les étudiants du McGill peuvent se procurer des billets en s'adressant au secrétaire de l'A.G.E.U.M., D'222, à l'Université de Montréal.

—J.O.—

Monte-pentes

L.A.G.E.U.M. vient de réaliser un vieux et cher projet, l'érection d'un monte-pentes sur le flanc nord-ouest de la montagne, aux abords de l'Université. Ce monte-pentes a été réalisé en collaboration par l'A.G.D.U.M. et l'A.G.E.U.M. Il fonctionne depuis quelques jours déjà et connaît une grande popularité auprès des étudiants et de leurs invités. Seuls peuvent l'utiliser les étudiants de l'U. de M., les diplômés de l'U. de M. et leurs invités. Tous les étudiants du McGill peuvent s'en servir, à cette seule condition d'y venir accompagnés d'un étudiant ou d'un diplômé de l'U. de M. Nous croyons aider par ce règlement au développement de relations plus intimes entre nos deux universités. Les prix d'admission sont des plus modiques.

—J.O.—

Des autobus

En dépit de notre goût passionné pour l'alpinisme, nous ne prions pas beaucoup l'escalade de la montagne à laquelle nous oblige chaque matin l'avaricieuse Compagnie des Tramways de Montréal. C'est pourquoi nous avons constitué un comité des autobus, chargé de rendre les dites escalades un peu plus facultatives. Depuis sa création, ce comité a pas mal déblayé de terrain. Il a d'abord pour ses revendications l'adhésion des nombreuses autorités de l'Université. Puis, en rencontrant le Conseil municipal et en obtenant une claire approbation et des offres chaleureuses de collaboration, il a réduit à néant l'objection la plus sérieuse offerte par la Compagnie. Nous vous communiquerons sous peu des développements peut-être plus

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667

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McGILL SENIOR CAGERS TOP AIRMEN 33-31

Resume Winning Ways As Team Shows Form; Oilers Trim Georgians

Rosentzweig, Leonards Star For College Cagers; Richman Tops Scorers with 15 Points

By STAN GUTTMAN

The Red and White Senior cagers resumed their winning ways last night by defeating the No. 1 Wireless Training School 33-31. The victory enables McGill to climb into a third place tie with the Airmen and now places them in definite contention for a play-off spot.

The game was featured by the starry offensive play of Rosentzweig and Airman Joe Richman. Gerry Leonards of the Redmen played a superb defensive game holding the elusive Richman to sporadic long shots. Holden and Baker also played steady games and were dangerous at all times for the losers while along with stars helping the Redmen along the comeback trail were Davidson, Schacter and Deacon.

The game started off at a slow tempo which suddenly changed after the first few minutes of play with a basket by Rosentzweig. Holden of the Air Force countered in a fast passing play and from then on the game was spirited and fast. McGill held the lead throughout the last part of the first half and kept the opposing cagers in their own territory, with a resultant half-time score of 15-12.

The second half was a thrilling spectacle of fast and furious saw-saw play, with our boys holding the edge until the latter stages of the game when the Air Force tied the score. Undaunted, McGill resumed her scoring spree with quick tallies by Deacon and two last-minute corks by starry Rosentzweig.

In the opening game the league-leading Oilers continued their winning streak against the highly touted Sir George Williams team by a score of 51-45.

McGILL	FG	FT	FM	Pts	PF
Leonards	0	0	1	0	2
Rosentzweig	4	1	1	9	1
Shacter	3	0	1	6	2
Mahon	0	0	1	1	1
Deacon	4	0	0	8	0
Kaneb	0	0	0	0	0
Davidson	3	0	1	6	2
Beland	0	1	0	1	1
Robinson	1	0	0	2	0
Totals	15	5	5	33	9

No. 1 Wireless	FG	FT	FM	Pts	PF
Hayes	0	0	2	0	2
McDonald	0	0	0	0	1
Elo	3	0	2	6	0
McKinnon	0	1	1	0	0
King	0	0	0	0	1
Richman	6	3	4	15	0
Baker	2	0	0	4	1
Holden	2	0	0	4	0
Brent	0	1	3	1	0
Carson	0	0	0	0	3
Totals	13	5	12	31	8

Water Polo In Offing

Eng. Seek Other Entries For Inter-Faculty Setup

With the other Inter-faculty leagues getting underway with a great deal of enthusiasm, water polo is being forgotten. There are, however, some enthusiasts from Engineering 1 who have been turning out to practices, and who are keen to form a league, or if there are not enough players available, to play some exhibition games with other teams.

It has been learned that as soon as their exams are over, Macdonald college will have a team available for matches. This is a healthy sign, for it is hoped that some spirit for water polo will be aroused by the Mac entry. The Athletics Council, through Em Orlick, has guaranteed transportation to the college for any teams who will play. This should be an attraction for not only will fun be provided during the game, but for afterwards, and the students up at Mac have always been good hosts.

Practices are held at Schubert's Bath every Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 5.15 p.m. and all enthusiasts of the invigorating sport are urged to note the times. Anyone who wants to get a team from his faculty or who can round up some players are asked to get in touch with Em Orlick or Geoff Ince, manager of the first year Engineers.

Navy Takes Puck Fixture By Default

Failure of Army Players to Show Causes Loss

Yesterday's Intramural game scheduled for 12.30 at the Forum was the first to be defaulted this year, but it was not entirely the fault of the Army players, who did the defaulting. The august presence of a visiting General caused leaves of absence to be cancelled and the resulting player shortage gave the Navy team their third victory in the campaign. However, if this proves to be the main factor in the default, an arrangement may be made whereby the game will be replayed on another date. This will be up to the respective managers, however, and they, in conjunction with Hay Filay, Athletics Manager, should reach a decision.

The boys who turned up were not to be denied and a few players were loaned to the army. The latter showed their thanks by whipping their rivals 10-3. For the winners, Bob Brodick was the individual star, notching seven goals, and standing heads above the other players. This of course may have been due to the fact that Bob has been starring with the N.D.H.L. entry this year.

Also starring for the Army was Jim Macken, who played a masterful game, and Jamieson. For the Navy, Worden scored two goals and Barbeau one.

Few changes were made in the league title hunt and in the individual scoring race. The Flyers and Commandos remained tied at the top of the heap as a result of Monday's draw, while the Navy team is only one point behind. The Army, supposedly a weak sister, may turn into a giant killer as a result of a few acquisitions.

Dick Weekes, the Flyers' scoring star, remained scoring leader as a result of his three goals in the last game. Behind him are Norm Halford and Al Knight, the latter having caught up with Halford, who is now playing for the senior team, by virtue of a goal and assist on Monday. Jon Ballon holds down the third spot, one point behind.

The scoring list is as follows:

G. A. Pts
D. Weekes, Flyers..... 15 1 16
N. Halford, Commandos... 8 5 13
A. Knight, Flyers..... 7 6 13
J. Ballon, Commandos... 6 6 12
J. Wight, Flyers..... 6 3 9
D. Whitehead, Flyers... 3 6 9
R. Liddy, Flyers..... 5 2 7

C.O.: Now I want you to get your directions straight. This is an important mission. Facing this way what's on your right hand? Frosh: A wart.

—Brunswickian.

I wish I were a kangaroo. Despite his funny stances, I'd have a place to put the junk My girl brings to the dances.

—The Queen's Journal.

PLEASE BE CAREFUL OF COFFEE, MUGS REPLACEMENTS ARE UNOBTAINABLE.

Then there was the man who played for big steaks when he flirted with the waitress.

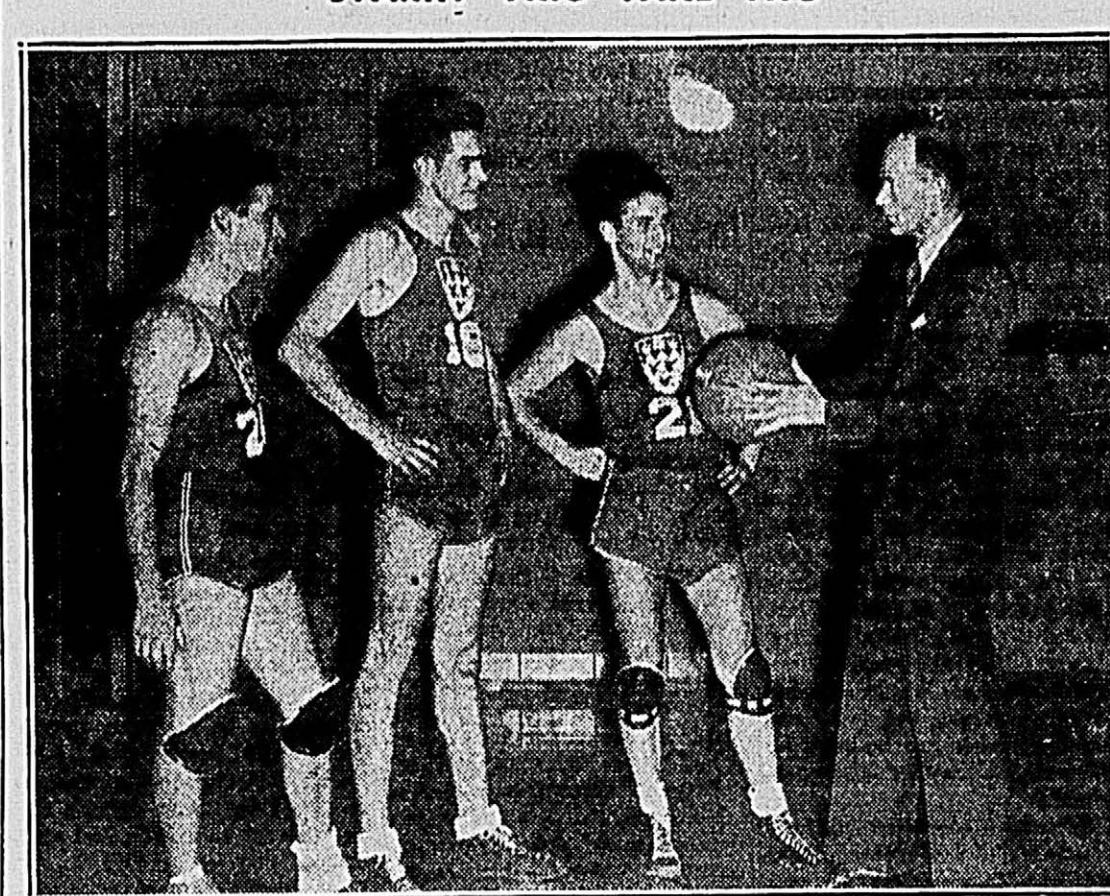
—Argosy Weekly.

A flirt is a woman who believes in every man for herself.

—Brunswickian.

Human nature is what makes a man show plenty of map when he thinks he's going to land a soft snap.

STARRY TRIO TAKE TIPS



Caught in the act of learning some tricky plays for their rivals from Middlebury College, whom McGill meets at the Athletics Festival on February 4, are Manny Shacter, starry forward, Bernie Robinson and Leo Rosentzweig, guards. Showing the boys how to do it is F. M. Van Wagner, coach of the McGill cage entries. The team has been improving rapidly and their game with an American rival is part of the splendid program planned for the Festival.

Middlebury College Basketball Squad to Face McGill Quintette in Athletic Festival Feature

With a multitude of vague reports pouring in regarding the prowess of the Middlebury basketball squad, it appears as if the McGill Senior Cagers will participate in their toughest tussle of the year on the evening of the fast-approaching Athletic Festival. This event, which takes place Friday, February 4th, will be featured by the basketball game between these two collegiate teams.

The starting lineup of the Middlebury College team is reputed to be composed of players all over six feet in height. This most likely will prove to be a great disadvantage to the relatively smaller McGill quintette.

Playing at left forward for the Middlebury College squad will be Howard Schacter, who hails from Fort Wayne, Indiana. Schacter played for the Elmhurst High School in his pre-collegiate days.

A graduate of Griffith's High, Clarence Hutchins will patrol right wing for the Vermont Cagers. Griffith is a town in Indiana.

A tall centre star will be Richard Crescenti of Newport, Rhode Island. Crescenti is the only member of the starting squad who is an easterner.

Two more Indianans are the guards, Tommy Been and John Duguid. The former is a product of New Albany, while Terre Haute is the home town of Duguid.

Against this all-star array McGill will place a team composed of comparatively inexperienced players. However the Redmen, despite their many defeats this season, have exhibited some good playing, and their losses have usually been by very close scores.

The Middlebury, Vermont, cagers really showed their mettle recently when they routed the St. Hubert Airmen by the score of 48-23. The

Flyers, who used to play in the M.B.L. are reputed to have a pretty fair team. The Middlebury boys also trounced a team from Windsor, Vermont, by some terrifically lopsided score. Two days before the Festival, Middlebury will take on Dartmouth, the second-ranking team in the United States. Prior to the Festival they will also play Williams College and Union College, New Jersey.

The Middlebury players are composed mostly of V-12 trainees, and they come from all parts of the United States. It is thus readily seen that the Red M.B.L. squad will have its hands full against the agile men from Middlebury. The Redmen, however, have displayed a decided improvement in recent games.

The McGill-Middlebury battle should be an exciting and thrilling affair, and should prove to be the highlight of the athletic events of the evening.

SPORTS SUMMARY

YESTERDAY'S GAMES INTRAMURAL HOCKEY

Navy beat Army by default.

INTERFACULTY SPORTS

Hockey

Yesterday's games postponed (weather).

Basketball

Results not obtained (captains did not phone in final scores as is necessary).

TODAY'S GAMES

INTERFACULTY SPORTS

Hockey

(At McTavish Rink)

5.00 p.m. Eng. II vs. No. 9 R.C.A.F.

6.00 p.m. Science (a) vs. Science I (b).

Volleyball

(At Gym)

5.15 p.m. No. 9 R.C.A.F. vs. Science I (b).

5.15 p.m. Eng. III vs. Eng. IV.

TOMORROW'S GAMES

INTERFACULTY SPORTS

Hockey

(At McTavish Rink)

5.00 p.m. Science I (b) vs. Commerce.

Volleyball

(At Gym)

5.15 p.m. Law vs. Graduates.

Basketball

(At Gym)

5.15 p.m. Science I (a) vs. Science I (b).

5.15 p.m. Science I (c) vs. Dentistry.

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDINGS

G. W. L. T. F. A.Pts.

Commandos... 5 3 1 1 40 21 7

Flyers... 5 3 1 1 27 16 7

Navy... 5 3 2 0 12 15 6

Army... 5 0 5 0 11 38 0

Blake: Do you serve shrimps?

Walter: We serve anyone.

—Brunswickian.

League Leading Y Team Defeats McGill Cagers In Closely-fought Game

McGill Beaten in Last Minutes; Laing, Birkett Star for Redmen; Marshall High Scorer for Y

By Arnie Chaikin

Yesterday evening the McGill Intermediate Basketball squad met and were defeated by the Southwestern "Y" team by the score of 32-27. The game was a close one all the way through and it was only in the closing minutes of the game that the unbeaten Southwestern "Y" squad showed of what stuff it was made.

The first half of the game was very smoothly run with both teams taking the lead at different times. For this part of the match we can safely say that the McGill boys outclassed the "Y" team, but could not find the basket as well. On the other hand the "Y" boys were not up to form but were hitting the basket regularly. Each of the faults offset the other and thus the scores remained somewhat similar.

The second half of the game showed that the "Y" boys do have form for they came back to the Red team with an amazing flash of teamwork. On the other hand the McGill squad did not improve so that any advantage they did have at the beginning began to slip.

The second half illustrated the good playing of many men. On the McGill squad Laing starred sinking four baskets and one foul. Birkett was the next highest scorer on the McGill team with six points to his credit. Trigg followed closely on his heels picking up five points. The best all-round player for the local squad was Johnny Galpeau who played a very good game both offensively and defensively.

The "Y" squad was sparked throughout by the often brilliant playing of Johnny Marshall who was high scorer for his team with eight points. Carnahan, who was forced out of the game with four personal fouls also played a very good game picking up five points.

McGILL	FG	FT	FM	Pts	PF
Birkett	3	0	3	6	2
Blitstein	1	0	3	2	2
Galpeau	2	0	0	4	2
York	0	0	0	0	1
Proctor	1	0	3	2	0
Nelson	0	0	0	0	0
Laing	4	1	4	9	8
Trigg	3	0	1	4	1
Balfour	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	13	1	14	27	8

SOUTHWESTERN Y.	FG	FT	FM	Pts	PF
Peterson	1	0	0	2	4
Marshall	4	0	4	8	2
Bentley	2	0	0	4	0
Puddister	2	0	0	4	1
Dyke	0	1	0	1	1
Condon	1	0	1	2	1
Cornahan	2	1	1	5	4
Rutherford	0	0	0	0	0
Marcotte	1	2	2	4	2
Thompson	1	0	0	2	1
Totals	14	4	8	32	12



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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Four Days Left Do Your Part NOW McGill Aid to RUSSIA FUND

Wanna Join a Club

Continued from Page Two

Are simple comedies or farce, Some good, some bad, some even worse.

Somewhere there is a labour group, A rocking-chair political troop, A recent campus innovation, Deeply concerned about what nation? They're young and strong and full of buck, And spread their views with lots of pluck. They know at length the rights of man, What we should have, what we should ban, So much in heated arguing bred, Their faces are forever red, While they hammer out their views To the members in the pews; Their tongues are sharp as any sickle, Their minds are forced to be quite tickle; From all their muddle you will learn, To harangue when it's your turn, And so inspired it may be said, Your face will soon be just as red.

For the young economists, Wandering in the obscure mists, There's a club where you should be, About political economy. You'll learn their dull and favorite tricks, How to prove by statistics, Formulae and calculation, That no depression hit the nation, That we need not have war, That poverty need be no more, And there's enough for everyone. You'll laugh and have a lot of fun, It's true you'll not get anywhere, But like the rest you won't despair, For when you go it truly seems, You believe their senseless dreams.

There's the sociological crew, It's a mystery what they do, Because themselves they are not sure, This, at least, they are obscure. They study idiots, tramps and bums, Seek to diagnose the slums, Discuss the poor and destitute, Take some humble institute, And analyze and criticize, Anatomize and pulverize; There's no doubt that if you go, This group will very clearly show, By their meetings and debates, The muddled mess society makes.

If you like your literature, And have the will power to endure Rhapsodic poems and vivid prose, Then do not turn up your nose, At the society invented To keep some writers (?) well contented. When they meet (they seldom do), You'd better to swear that it is true, That you have no ability, To write a poem or a story, That you are wholly distasteful, And don't desire to ever be, Anything but a listener in. When this is sworn you may begin, To work with zeal so bright and pure, In their cause for literature.

There are groups which needs must ask Special ones to do the task, It's so important you must be A special personality. You cannot enter these by choice, But only by elected voice. If luck will have you enter in, You'll be taught a pleasant grin, How to keep your flannels bright And your sweater red and white, How to curtsy from the waist, And other bits of social taste. When this is done you're ready for An usher's job at any door, Or a cop at convocation, To quiet any perturbation. This training will not hurt at all

It gives you something on the ball, And best of all as you can see, That when you get your own degree, And no job is in the way, You can usher then for pay.

There above are just a few, Of the traps that wait for you, There are others as you know, And still the list must ever grow. Spanish, German, Frenchmen groups, Sporting clubs to loop the loops; Clubs to train the future quacks, Meet in attics, basements, shacks— There's a club historical, Of them all most farcical Who wallow in obscure debates, And prattle of important dates. Clubs for well-oiled engineers, Who study beers—I mean their gears, Clubs to learn how to dance, To play at bridge or throw a lance, Choral, glee and music groups, Clubs to entertain the troops, Clubs and clubs and clubs galore, Groups and groups forever more. Have done, advice is only waste, You won't select to suit your taste, But where the prettiest girls go, Or handsome men—this much I know, That's where you'll be—is that not so?

The Day After Christmas

Continued from Page Two

"Mary Kelly, right here in town." "Hmnn? Do you suppose it's something she made herself?"

"I give up!" laughed Mrs. Cole. "Amelia, what do you think of this?" "Well—it is rather hideous, isn't it? What is it—exactly?"

"A pickle dish! Can you imagine! That's from Gwen Bates. Don't you just see 'Bridge Prize' written all over it?"

"Well," said Mrs. Barker comfortingly. "You can always give it to some out-of-town person next year."

"That's true. Oh—here's a cup and saucer Hilda Kennedy sent me. Isn't it ghastly? Such a horrid shade. You'd think she'd at least send me something I could use—she knows I'm saving Milton."

"Another bridge prize?" suggested Mrs. Barker slyly. They laughed. Willie waved into the room, embracing a leather-bound volume. "For all my days—as all—thy days—from-birth-my-heart-as-ly-heart-was-in-me-as-thee," he shouted, and vanished into the hall.

The two ladies on the couch were slightly taken aback. "What is he reading—Hemling-way?" said Mrs. Barker, amused. "Oh, no!" said Mrs. Cole. "He got a complete volume of Swinburne's poems from Uncle Mike."

"But isn't Swinburne a little erotic for a boy Willie's age?" said Mrs. Barker, puzzled. "Er—? Well, if there's anyone more erratic than Willie I'd hate to meet him!" laughed Mrs. Cole. "Uncle Mike sent him that because, as he said on the card, he thought Willie needed civilizing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Barker. At the thought of Willie becoming civilized a Ja Swinburne, she began to choke up with mirth.

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Florence Cole. "But I was awfully annoyed at him for what he sent Sue. A big bottle of terribly expensive perfume—'Purple Passion'! It's called. My poor little daughter! She just drenched herself with it! We sent her upstairs until it wears off a little. She does smell rather strong."

"She stinks!" said Willie succinctly, appearing from nowhere. He curled up in the armchair and became absorbed in Swinburne once more.

"Where's John?" said Mrs. Barker, suddenly realizing the family circle had a few blanks. "And little Michael?"

A howl from upstairs answered her. Michael flew down the stairs and into his mother's

arms, sobbing wildly. Sue followed more sedately.

"S-she bwoke my Wommellank!" the child cried, flinging his little fists in his sister's face. Sue looked at him scornfully. "He means his Rommel tank," she explained. "I merely wound the thing up, Mother, and it broke—just like that!" She snapped her fingers.

Michael broke into fresh sobs. "Willie bwoke my twain! He stepped on it!"

"Why don't you look where you're going, Willie?" said his mother, exasperated. Willie raised a languid head. "But—he-to-him—who-knows-what-gift-is-thine-DEATH!" he leered at Michael. Michael was shocked and horrified. He pressed closer to his mother, and wailed with a vengeance.

Stumping sounds were heard upon the stairs and the head of the household entered wrapped in an old corduroy dressing-gown with a pink shawl draped about his ears. He drew back on seeing Mrs. Barker, but too late.

"Hello, John! Merry Christmas! I was wondering how you were!" John Cole extended his hand, shuddered but said nothing. "He's lost his voice!" Sue disclosed. Mrs. Barker looked sympathetic. "A cold?" Cole nodded violently.

"He caught it Christmas shopping!" confided Mrs. Cole. "Poor dear. We thought the tree looked a little bare so he went out to get some more things for the children, and, incidentally, to buy me a present. Well, he got to the store and they were only letting two people in at a time. We waited and waited for him to get home for supper—it was almost eight when he came, and he just looked miserable. There was one bottle of perfume left, and as he made for it, so did half a hundred Amazons. He swears they were lady blacksmiths—he never heard such language in his life! He was crushed, cursed, and spat upon. Then everything went black, and he came to, out on the sidewalk, black and blue and shivering with cold."

She paused to shoot a commiserating look at her pitiful husband. "I was shocked when he came in that door. The radio was on, and someone was saying 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men'. He just gave a hollow laugh, staggered upstairs—and he's been in bed ever since!"

Mrs. Barker was about to offer condolences, when the front door bell pealed. There was a rush for the door, Willie flinging Swinburne into the empty fireplace. "It's the postman!" shouted Willie, while Sue stood by, an avaricious glimmer in her eyes.

"A package! A package!" shrieked Michael, joyously shouldering Willie. "Open it—Mother, open it!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Cole. "Don't get excited, dear, it's just your father's overshoes. I ordered them last week from the mail-order catalogue."

"Overshoes?" said the family. The atmosphere darkened. "By the way," said Mrs. Barker, to break the gloom. "How did you like the Yule logs I sent you?"

"Yule logs?" repeated the family. I never saw such a family of parrots, thought Mrs. Barker.

"Yes, Yule logs. They're to burn in the fireplace—they give off pretty colors." "Oh." There was a short silence. "We thought you were playing a practical joke on us," said Sue. "We opened up the red paper wrappings and just found a lot of old newspapers and things."

"Sue!" said her mother. "Why, Amelia, how sweet of you! I do love a fire. It's so Christmassy! Willie! Go get the yule logs and we'll have a fire now, so Mrs. Barker can enjoy it, too."

They drew their chairs into a semi-circle about the fire. They did not read a "Christmas Carol." They watched the colored flames.

"Geel!" said Willie. "Just like Technicolor!" He smiled forgivingly at Mrs. Barker. Mrs. Barker, who did not like Willie, smiled back—for, at the moment, some trick of the firelight made him resemble her own dear son, who was spending his Christmas on a hot desert.

perience to good use by accompanying the Erskine and American Church choir and other groups.

In November of last year, the director of the Red Cross Concert heard her sing at one of the Conservatorium concerts which included those candidates for the Local Centre examinations who obtained highest marks in their grades. She subsequently agreed to sing in this week's gala benefit; and the executive of the Concert is delighted and proud to present her. She will sing "Il Bacio", "One Fine Day" from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly", and "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier".

This is a rising star of which McGill may some day be justly proud.

Tuck-Shop Alex Is in Reality a Rural Artist

Continued from Page One

Alex spends his holidays has been the source of inspiration for his paintings. . . . Near his small woodland in Kingsbury, Que., lives the noted Canadian artist, Frederick Coburn, who has long been Alex's close friend and adviser.

Before coming to work for the Union, Alex spent seven years as a dressgoods designer with Dominion Textiles, spending his spare time in doing art work of a more varied nature. Two other paintings based on scenes in the Eastern Townships are "Plowing the Road" and "Going to Town" have been on exhibition in the Cafeteria on previous occasions. Both of these now appear on numerous blotters and calendars printed by the Montreal Lithographing Company to which Alex has sold five of his paintings. A copy of "Plowing the Road" is now on view in a popular local restaurant in such high company as the paintings of Canadian artists like Kriehoff, Coburn, Lismer and Riordan.

Alex is married and has one son of 15 years of age who is now at school in Kingsbury.

Nazis Scourge Reds Culture

Continued from Page One

bedroom. The dwelling of Tchakovsky, an eminently progressive scientist, was reduced to a fowl pen and his famous art gallery was converted into a pistol range for the enjoyment of the officers stationed there; the table upon which he laid plans for inter-planetary travel was used as a meat block. Not content with destroying all published material, they methodically sought out, and reduced to ashes, all museums, libraries, archives and private literary collections in each town they over-ran. The cathedral at Iklon was converted into a cattle barn and, in a jesting acknowledgment of public protest, was later changed to a kennel. The House of

"ON SUCH A NIGHT LIKE THIS"

What wind there is blows warm; The sky is sulking in a black-grey mood; A game of solitaire goes listless on— My mind drifts, to other summer nights . . .

My mind goes back—was it so long ago? To just such evenings, breathless, still and warm, When even the leaves hang heavy in the heat And from above the pale white stars peer down.

The night is warm, but when the heart is cold The flesh is cold; I shiver in the darkness. It is a night for restless dreams and memories . . .

There is no stir, no breath, just waves Of heat that lull, disturb, and lead The mind to passive reminiscence. So—I remember other nights like these . . .

The rhythmic thud of thoughtful steps that lulled Reserve to slumber; the whispering trees that shared Intimate secrets just above our heads. How close the moon!—just a dream's length Beyond our reach!

—THE MANITOBIAN.

Culture in the same town was used as a stable and desecrated with pornographic drawings and obscene inscriptions while the school-house was put to an even baser use.

Such accounts, undoubtedly authentic, bring home to us some idea of the handicaps under which the ever-active Russian universities must be striving to equip their youth to face the problems of the present crisis and the eventual peace which surely must follow. No aid that Canadian students can send to their Soviet fellows could be too small to merit a real appreciation and the current Aid to Russia campaign is McGill's opportunity to show their willingness to lighten the burden for those who are forced to pursue their studies under conditions infinitely more trying than our own.

Story of Occupied Lands Told by Mlle. M. Barrette

Tonight at 8.30 Mlle. M. Barrette will give an address on her recent adventures in the now occupied countries where she recently spent eighteen months under the iron rule of the Hitlerites.

The Hall of the Church of the Messiah, 3514 Simpson Street, corner of Sherbrooke West, will be the site of the interesting talk. The address will be delivered in English and there will be no admission charged.

The speech will be delivered in the hope of informing the people of Montreal of the conditions in the occupied countries as seen by a woman who has personally encountered all. This should be very interesting, especially now, for the coming invasion of these countries will often bring them to our mind. Thus it would be far more interesting to know a little about the

conditions that will be met by our invasion forces. Although there is no admission being charged any contributions to the fund for sending parcels to French prisoners of war will be welcomed.

Notices

R.V.C. HISTORICAL CLUB There will be a meeting of the Executive of the R.V.C. Historical Club tomorrow at 1 o'clock in room 27 of the Arts Building. Evelyn Braginetz and Ursula Milner-White are also requested to attend.

NOTICE All those intending to chip in on a few kegs of BEER for the Plumbers-Med Ball please get in touch with Henery Hadley, Desk 58. Any one in Engineering I welcome to join the table.

Rev. Prof. Crag Continues Lecture Series Thursday

Rev. Prof. Gerald Crag will

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RED CROSS CONCERT

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Further Details From Any Member of the Executive

Dr. James Addresses Ottawa Valley Branch of McGill Graduates

Continued from Page One

educational reform is of vital importance to the future of Canada. The children of today will be the citizens of tomorrow. No matter how wise our plans may be, their success will depend upon the way in which our sons and daughters carry them out."

Dr. James said that McGill University, like every other university in this Dominion, has a responsibility for Canadian education that "transcends the letter of the law." It should provide leadership in reform, and constantly investigate the adequacy of its own teaching and research.

In conclusion, Dr. James said: "We who are members of McGill University recognize the challenge that confronts us. The teaching staff and the graduates society have demonstrated their eagerness to embrace the opportunity to aid in the development of a fairer Canada, and, by the careful laying of foundations in these days, to facilitate the attainment of all our dreams for tomorrow."

Minority Groups To Be Discussed

Continued from Page One

work in the United States, Canada, and abroad.

Dr. Yergen lectured on Negro History at New York City College for four years. Since 1940 he has also served as President of the National Negro Congress, in which capacity he has taken a prominent role in leadership of various national campaigns on behalf of full

democratic rights for American Negroes and other Minority Groups. Dr. Yergen was the recipient of the Spingarn Medal in 1933 and the Harmon Award in 1936 and is author of "Gold and Poverty in South Africa", which was published in 1938 by the International Industrial Relations Institute, and of numerous articles on Africa.

His experience in these matters makes Dr. Yergen a most capable person to lead this conference. Emile Vallancourt will introduce him on Friday night when he will speak on "Imperialism in the Post War World."

The sessions on Saturday will deal with Minority Groups in Canada, placing special emphasis on the Negro and Jewish problems. "French-Canada," the topic of the evening session will be introduced by Jean-Louis Gagnon. A plenary discussion on Sunday will hear reports of the sessions and discuss the resolutions presented as a guide for further action on these pressing problems.

Requirements Clarified on Concert Admissions for Engineer Donors

Continued from Page One

he added that last year's experience has made this year's task very considerably easier.

The new Red Cross Concert will be a faster and less formal show than its predecessor. Clark Gillespie will be master of ceremonies, assisted by Donald Weir in a pantomime entitled "Bonsor" and in various bits of nonsense throughout the evening. A new style of presentation has been adopted, and the time of the program has been considerably reduced. All in all, concluded the director, the Red

Cross Concert will be a very fine show. The sale of tickets at 80 cents each continues at the Union Tuck Shop and in the Arts, Engineering, and Medical Buildings.

Varsity Co-ed Compares East, West in Football and Hockey

Continued from Page Three

ning and line smashing. But the east made quick work of all the West had built up in Western Football. In an effort to keep the Grey Cup games on the program, a compromise was made to make the rules of the game alike in both sections of the country. The West then had ten-yard interference in front of the line of scrimmage, the East had three. So the West compromised and there were five, which might as well be three. Passing in the West was allowed from anywhere behind the line; in the east the passer had to be at least five yards behind. A compromise was made and all that had been developed through years of thought and experience was undone. But we will never forget Fritzie.

Then there were the Monarch of 1937 who won the Junior championship of Canada against the Sudbury Coppercliff Redmen here in Toronto. Maybe Torontonians don't remember that series but Winnipeggers do. On that last Saturday afternoon, when the miracle kids battled their way to a 7-0 victory, to win the fourth game of a three out of five series and the championship, the streets of the home town were deserted and the population huddled close to their radios. Needless to say, there was celebration in the old town that night. Kids like Alf Pike, Dick Kowchink, John McCree, Pete Langelle, and

Zeke Ferley will never be forgotten there.

And then the St. Boniface Seals set the east back on their heels and filled Maple Leaf Gardens for a record attendance. Wally Stanowski was the Western Gentleman that year and skated his way right into the Maple Leafs' Stanley Cup team.

There have been other famous Monarch teams and Ranger teams and Brandon teams and Portage teams, ad infinitum. There have been wonderful junior hockey teams from the east. But Winnipeg's heart and soul is wrapped up in the careers of her sport organizations. Perhaps that is why Winnipeg has presented such a large percentage of Canada's finest athletes to the national scene. Perhaps that is why these athletes will tell people that their most inspiring memories are of the enthusiasm and appreciation of Winnipeg fans in victory or defeat. Vitamin pills are available for Easterners at Osborne Stadium, Winnipeg.

Red Cross Concert Personalities

Continued from Page One

music, and has remained here ever since.

Education, however, has not been as easy an acquisition as all that. In order to continue at the Conservatorium, Jean has had to do a great deal of summer work of all sorts. For two summers she worked in a munitions plant, making frequent singing appearances at evening recreation programs for the workers; these were actually her largest audiences, for her voice was carried over the plant's public address system to thousands of appreciative listeners. In Montreal, she has sung at churches and elsewhere, and has put her piano ex-

continue his series of lectures at the Thursday evening session of the Divinity Hall leadership training school, when he will discuss the problem of "Using the Bible as a Living Part of Our Teaching". The series of lectures is being held each week under the auspices of the Religious Education Council. After the course has been completed the play, "The Man Born to Be King," will be heard by the school.

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